

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLIX.

Published Every Thursday
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920.

Subscription Price, \$1 a year

NUMBER 14

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

Easter Song.

Do ye hear the song of triumph
Breaking o'er the brink of dawn—
Hear the gladness and the glory
Of the Easters marching on?
Hark! the universe is throbbing
To its sweet, unbroken chime.
Lo! the ages are resounding
With its choral strain sublime!

Do ye hear its echoes ringing
Down the centuries long gone—
Do ye mark the rhythmic footfall
Of the Easters marching on?
Do ye see their banners gleaming,
And their serried cohorts bright,
And their standards high uplifted,
Radiant with celestial light?

See sin skulking, shadows scatter,
Conquered Death grow weak and wan,
Terrors fleeing from the highway
Of the Easters marching on?
See the grave, so dark and dreaded,
Now become a royal bed,
Which the King of kings hath hallowed—
Where is neither death nor dead!

Do ye know the holy joying,
Breathing blissful benison,
Sorrow's keenest dart destroying—
Of the Easters marching on?
Feel ye not the wings of healing
Chase away the clouds of gloom,
As earth thrilled with glad rejoicing,
Bursts to bright and beautiful bloom?

With one mighty song victorious,
With one glorious anthem,
With one watchword, are the legions
Of the Easters marching on?
"Christ hath risen, hath abolished
Satan's dominion,
Life immortal, life eternal!"
Shout the Easters marching on!
—The Youth's Companion.

The Comfort Of Easter Day.

The child was sobbing bitterly.
The sweet young mother whom he
he had loved was buried in the
earth. She had gone forever.

A loving aunt had come to take
care of him, and she tried to com-
fort him.

"Your mother is living still,
dear," she said. "You will see her
again. She is watching you this
minute. She loves you just the
same as ever."

"No, no," wept the child; "she is
dead. The doctor said so; and I
know it is true, because I kissed her,
and she did not kiss me back again.
If she had known, she would have
kissed me back again—for she always
did. And, oh, oh—my mother is
dead!"

"I know it seems so, darling,"
sighed the aunt, whose own heart
was sore and heavy, "but under that
still face there was yet life. Christ
showed us that when he rose from
the dead. He didn't answer when
his mother and his disciples called
him; but one day he rose from this
seeming death, to show us that no
one really dies. That was the first
Easter Day. Men had always hoped
—but they had never surely known
before then—that the dead could
rise again. Is it not beautiful, dear?"

The child for a little while seemed
comforted. Then he looked over to
the familiar chair where the sweet
mother had been wont to hold him
and pet him, and again he broke into
sobs. He was only five—and his
little mind could not grasp the great,
sweet truth, which his aunt had been
telling him. At last she said: "I
will show it to you some time, so that
you will understand."

It was in the early springtime that
the young mother had been laid away
from his sight. The cold wind was
blowing, the trees looked bare
and gaunt and dead.

Out among the leafless woods the
aunt led the grieving child.
"See these poor trees," she said
to him. "Does it not look to you as
though they are quite dead?"

He felt carefully of the branch
which she held out to him.

"Yes," he answered; "it is only
an old dead stick—just good to burn
in the fire."

"It seems so," she admitted,
"but wait a while, and we will come
back here again."

One warm, sunny day, a few
weeks later, she took him to the
same spot and showed him the same
bough again. It was covered with
soft, fuzzy leaf-buds, and little
clusters of tender green leaves were
bursting from them.

"This is the same bough that you
thought was dead," she said.
"What do you think now?"

"It wasn't dead, was it?" mur-
mured the child slowly. "What
pretty leaves! I am glad it wasn't
dead."

"And it is so with our dear ones
who die," she reminded him gently.

"They seem dead, but they really
live; and somewhere they are happy
and beautiful—more beautiful than
they were here—just as the leaves
are more beautiful than the bare
tree."

The child looked very sober. It
was beginning to seem possible to
him that his aunt might be right;
though he had wept every day for
his mother, and had said over and
over again: "She cannot be alive
anywhere, or else she would speak
to me and kiss me."

As the child handled the bough
and thought about it, his aunt
plucked from the bark of the tree
some large cocoons to carry home.
She showed them to him.

"What funny silky little sticks!"
he cried.

"They seem to be dead, don't
they?" she said.

"They are dead," he declared
positively. "They are funny little
dead sticks. Are you taking them
home to burn in the fire?"

"You will see by and by," she
answered.

But she did not burn them. She
laid them on rough pieces of wood,
and placed them in a deep pan. Then
she fastened strong netting over
them and set the pan upright out in
the cold, where it would get wind
and the rain.

One day in early summer she
took him out into the sunshine and
showed him the pan.

"Look in! What do you see?"
she asked joyfully.

"Three butterflies. How bright
and pretty they are!" he cried.
"See how they dance about!
Where did you get them?"

"They were in those dead sticks
that you thought were only fit to
burn; do you remember? See, there
they lie, like husks! Now let us
set the butterflies free."

She tore the netting, and the deli-
cate, gay-winged creatures went
sailing off into the upper air.

The child gazed after them.
Then he looked back at the empty,
buried chrysalis. He remembered
well the queer, brown sticks. How
wonderful it was!

"They seemed dead," she re-
minded him again, gently; "but you
see they were not."

"No," he rejoined thoughtfully,
"they were not."

"It is so with our dear ones,"
she repeated. "They may seem to
be dead, but they are not."

One day she took some poppy
seed and showed them to him.
"Is it pepper?" he asked. "Or
is it the powder that my father uses
in his gun?"

"No," she told him. "It is not
pepper, nor powder; but it seems
just as dead, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he answered again, posi-
tively. "It is just as dead as it can
be."

"I am going to drop it into the
earth here," she said gravely; and
she took up a trowel and dug into
the rich earth. Then she scattered
the dead powder in the hole that she
had made, and covered it carefully.

A fortnight later she took the
child to see it.

"You remember that dead black
powder that we sowed here," she re-
minded him.

"Yes," he answered quickly.
"It was just here. This is the little
board you put in so that we might
know."

"And yet these pretty little gray
green plants came from those dead
black seeds," she told him.

"Right out of them?" he asked
breathlessly.

"Yes. They seemed so small
and black, you know; yet there was
the germ of a little plant in each
one of them, and soon they will be
covered with bright flowers."

We could never believe anything
so strange if we did not see it right
before our eyes. And so it is with
the loved ones that we think are
dead. They are not dead; and in
some other world, we do not know
where, they bloom from their cold,
lifeless bodies, just as the leaves
broke from the tree, and as the
butterflies, from the cocoons, and
these little plants from the dead
seeds."

"Yes—yes, I see," breathed the
child, through starting tears.

"But men were dull," went on
the loving aunt, trying to make it
very plain to him. "For hun-
dreds of years men had seen the dead
trees leave out, and the butterflies
come from the dead chrysalis, and

the plants spring from dead seed,
and still they could not really be-
lieve that if a man died he would
live again. So God sent Christ to
show us all these things. He
taught us how to live; and then he
seemed to die, but he rose from the
dead on the third day, and talked
with his friends, to show us that, as
he lived after death, so we would
live also. And the great apostle
Paul made it plainer still.

He said that we were sown a
natural body and we should be
raised a spiritual body. We do not
understand it, any more than we un-
derstand this marvelous change of
the seed into the flower; but we
must believe that it is true.

"Yes," breathed the child; "I
see, and I must believe that my
mother is up yonder"—he waved
his little hand—"with a beautiful
new body; not sick any more, and
happy, and that I will see her again
when I go up there, too."

"Yes," she said, glad to see him
comforted, "you see exactly how it
is."

And whenever the twilight came,
and he began to weep afresh for his
mother, she reminded him of it all,
until the year brought around the
Easter Day. Then they spoke of it
again.

"You see," she explained to him,
"men were so glad—so glad when
this great hope came to them that
they would live after death that
every year they rejoice on the Day
Christ rose. For two thousand
years they have kept that day.
Just think what joy it brought
into the world!"

"Is it the happiest day in the
year?" he asked her.

She thought of the day of Christ's
birth, and spoke of it.

"But I think," he said at last
thoughtfully, "that it was more
beautiful to have him back from
the dead even than to have him
born; so I am going to like the
Easter Day best of all."

She did not find fault with his
choice. She knew that just then,
to that afflicted little heart, the
thought of the Easter Day was the
sweetest thing in the world.—
Christian Herald.

Easter Flowers.

Daffodils and jonquils are called
Easter flowers. This is due to the
fact that they bloom early in the
spring.

There is, however, a beautiful
comparison between these lovely
flowers, growing from their ugly
dirty little brown bulbs, and our
earthly and temporary lives which
will grow into a glorious spiritual
life with God forever.

A kind and earnest teacher, when
presenting to her pupils some new
word or fact, will always try to make
a picture of it, either with drawings
or verbal illustrations, so God our
Father in Heaven, the greatest and
kindest of all teachers, at this season
of the year presents us with many
lovely illustrations of the death of
the body and the rising again to a
greater, better life, to which death is
the gateway. How sweet is the
thought that there is as great a dif-
ference between our life here and
hereafter, as there is between the
small ugly little bulb and the grace-
ful, dainty flowers.

Again how pleasant it is to think
of just growing into that life, that
fellowship with God.
It is indeed appropriate that our
churches should be decorated with
these wonderful works of our Creator,
which tell us such a convincing
story of His power and love and
mercy, on this day when we are
celebrating the victory of our Savior
over the tomb and are thinking of
him in his risen glory, yet still our
friend and brother and still knowing
and understanding our faults and
failures, as well as sharing our joys.
—Selected.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presby- terian Church.

Eight St., between Penn Avenue and
Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.
MRS. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—2 P.M.
Sermon—3 P.M.

Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

Thusa Hill's Easter Basket.

A POOR LITTLE WAIF RECEIVED INTO
A HUMBLE HOME IS THE MEANS OF
REJOINING TWO ESTRANGED
LOVERS.

Thusa Hill had come into the little
front yard for a breath of fresh
air, before putting on the kettle for
tea. Her life was encircled by such
a narrow horizon that this was the
chief event of her day. She then
took time to look up and down the
long village street, to exchange
greetings with passers, to inquire
about the sick, and to receive the
latest bit of village news.

She and her mother lived like two
sparrows in the small weather-brown
house with the \$300 mortgage on it.
The debt had been incurred in "poor
father's" time; and after his death,
the two patient, toiling women
strove vainly to reduce it. When-
ever they had saved a few dollars of
the principal, sewing would be slack,
coal and provisions higher, taxes in-
creased, or Mrs. Hill would have
one of her "poor spells," and the
money would melt like spring snow,
leaving the debt no smaller.

Thusa had tried working in the
silk mill in the next village; but she
was far past youth, her fingers were
too rough and awkward for the deli-
cate winding and spooling, and her
apprehension was slow. Her place
was wanted for a younger, swifter
worker, and with humiliation and
secret tears, she took up again the
making of sheets and pillow cases,
or the fashioning of simple garments
for children and unfastidious "help."

Standing at the gate, her faded
blue eyes gazing into the perspective
of the quiet street, Thusa Hill did
not look like a subject for romance.
The straight, scant folds of dark
blue calico fell stiffly about her thin
little figure, the sun of early April
cast chilly gleams on the plain bands
of ash-colored hair done up in a
small knot, her shoulders were curved
and her chest was hollow. Yet,
in the years gone by, a lover's voice
had whispered to her on long, sweet
summer evenings, and a tender hand
had stroked her brown, abundant
hair.

How different life might have
been, if Henry Gleason had not mis-
understood that ride with Nathan
Burnside! True, she had promised
Henry that she would be at home
that evening; and when he met her
driving with Nathan—in answer to
a sudden and urgent appeal from
Nathan's sister—Henry had given
her one swift look, proud and stung,
and had turned on his heel, follow-
ing in the dust of Nathan's wheels.

His look had aroused her defiance,
and she would not send a word of
self-justification. He might have
had more faith in her—she had ex-
pected to be home long before it was
time for his visit. And so, as young
hearts are prone to pride, the note
was never written, the word was
never spoken—just as Henry was
entitled to it—and weeks and
months glided into years, till Thusa
was 40.

Henry had married his cousin, a
feather-brained, selfish creature,
whose own folly and vanity
brought on her death a few years
later. Now he lived in his childless
home, with a hired farm boy and a
bustling housekeeper. On winter
evenings, sitting alone by the fire,
the thought of his early love some-
times flitted across his mind, and he
felt sorry for her struggles, both be-
fore and after the death of her
father. But a man's pride is a hard
possession—say what you may about
the obstinacy of a woman—and
Henry Gleason's was like the granite
of his native New England hills.

Thusa went into the house, stir-
red the fire and filled the kettle.
Her mother was hemming pillow-
cases in the tiny sitting-room
beyond, and called out, as she heard
her daughter's movements:

"There's a few of those stewed
prunes in the buttery, Thusa. Could-
n't we have them for supper instead
of a pie? I seem to crave something
besides tea and bread and butter.
But it's just as you say."

"Of course we will have them for
supper, if you want them, mother,"
said Thusa. "I don't know as I
want to spend time to-morrow rolling
out a pie, anyway. There's that
nightgown of Sally Myers' to be
finished, for we need the money right
away; and I promised to go and

watch with Cynthia Warner to-
morrow night. She's very bad, they
say."

Her mother looked at her doubt-
ingly.

"You don't look any too well
yourself, Thusa. I don't believe
you're strong enough to watch with
the sick. Folks that work hard's
you do can't be broke of their night's
rest without paying for it."

"I know it," was the answer,
"but Cynthia would come and watch
with me, if I was in her place."

She set the table in the little sit-
ting-room—they played at being
well-to-do in numberless innocent,
childlike ways, these two little
brown-flowered plates, the two thin
china cups and saucers with the tiny
faded rosbuds and the almost in-
visible line of gilt, and the worn
silver spoons, the last of the mother's
wedding outfit. Thusa cut the bread
and butter, set the tea to draw, then
went to the buttery for the prunes.
The window looked on a side lane,
and Thusa was startled to see that
it was open, while a white, wolfish,
hungry face was framed in the aper-
ture, and a desperate hand was
emptying the bowl of prunes, scatter-
ing the purple juice recklessly over
the snowy shelves.

Thusa suppressed a little scream,
that she might not startle her
mother, and stared at the intruder.
The creature, as if turned to stone,
held its hand arrested midway from
bowl to mouth. A childish terror
began to overspread the sharp fea-
tures, and Thusa stepped nearer to
the window.

"Poor soul!" she said, gently.
"Are you so hungry that you have
to rob our shelves? Don't be fright-
ened. I wouldn't hurt you for the
world. Take this."

She quickly buttered a slice of
bread, and the marauder, clutching
it, burst into tears which she wiped
away with her juice-stained fingers
creating a fearful effect.

"I never stole!" she cried, "but
I ain't had scarcely a bite for two
days, an' when I see them things in
the dish, I jest had to take 'em."

"Come around to the kitchen
door," said Thusa, pityingly. She
spread a second slice of bread, and
poured into a little pink-sprigged
cup her own slender allowance of
milk. In view of such abject misery
what mattered milkless tea and a
shortened ration of bread and butter?
The girl slipped around to the kit-
chen door and stood there, ragged,
unkempt, altogether wretched.
Thusa watched her compassionately,
as she ate and drank like a starved
animal—for the time being she was
little more. Taking the cup from
the grimy fingers, and going back to
wipe the shelves Thusa brought out
a third slice of bread and butter.

By gentle questioning, she learned
that the girl's name was Lill Burdell;
that she was thirteen years old; had
lived with a woman in New York,
who beat and abused her, trying to
make her steal; and that she had
run away; tramping and begging by
day; sleeping in barns at night;
honestly trying to get work at the
farmhouses; and nervously warned
off the premises of most, with a few
cold pieces, as if she had smallpox,
that dread of rural districts.

Her clothing was literally rags—
fastened about her, heaven knows
how! yet there was a certain frank
and independent look about the
small, sharp features, despite the
stolen prunes. Thusa's starved ma-
ternal feelings yearned over the child.
She brought her in to sit by the fire,
then, softly closing the door between
kitchen and sitting-room, she told
her mother the pitiful story. Mrs.
Hill let the tea grow cold in her cup
as she listened.

"I was thinking," said Thusa, as
she refilled her mother's cup, "that
we might—if you are willing—take
this poor child in to help around the
house, and give me a chance to do
more sewing."

"If you think it would be best,
Thusa. I should hate not to take
her, if it wouldn't be flying in the
face of Providence—with the interest
money to meet, and all."

The winter's about over. The
Lord seemed to put it into my head.
I believe He'll open the way for us
to afford it. And I don't see how it
can be flying in the face of Providence,
to follow the verse that says:

"Feed my lambs."

"Well, you're the one that keeps
things a-going, Thusa. You've the
best right to say," and the old lady

drank the last of her tea, and ate the
remainder of her bread and butter,
looking fondly at her little brown-
flowered plate as she did so.

It was long past the hour for
steady-going villagers to be in bed.
Lill Burdell, fed, washed, consoled,
was sleeping like an infant in one of
Thusa's lavender-scented bedgowns.
Her benefactress sat by the small
window, gazing out across the
fields. She was restless, and her
thoughts were of her old lover.
Ministering to the stared and home-
less waif had set her thinking of
what might have been, if she had
not been so proud and defiant in
those early days. Henry had surely
been entitled to an explanation.
Ah, but that bitter, reproachful look
of his! She could not forget it. He
might have had more faith in her,
instead of marrying Cicely Mellen
within a month. If he had waited,
he would have seen that Nathan
Burnside was nothing more than an
ordinary friend. (Alas! he had seen
it, after he had forged his own fet-
ters.)

So pride and regretful love battled
in the lonely heart. The night wore
on, and Lill Burdell dreamed laven-
der-scented dreams. It was half-
way to dawn when Thusa, reproach-
ing herself for wasted time and
strength, crept into bed beside her
adopted child.

Henry Gleason was also keeping
vigil with memory. A chance word
with Nathan Burnside had led to an
explanation of that summer evening
ride so long ago. Was it too late to
sue for pardon? Would Thusa be
deficient in proper pride, if she
would listen to a second avowal?
She still remained young and lov-
able in his eyes. Yet, after all, she
had been to blame in not explaining
the breaking of the appointment.

So pride and affection contended
in the widower's heart also. The
circles made in the ocean by the
casting in of a pebble go on widen-
ing, and philosophers tell us that
every physical movement produces
never-ending vibrations in the cosmic
ether. The thoughts set vibrating
in those two practical middle-aged
hearts were to have swifter results
than either dreamed.

Two or three days later, just be-
fore Easter, Lill Burdell was carry-
ing a basket along the village street.
She wore a made-over calico gown
of Miss Thusa's, shoes and stock-
ings, warm underclothing, and a
neat straw hat on her smooth hair.
Proud of her decent apparel and the
trust represented by a "quarter"
tightly clinched in one hand, she ex-
amined the houses along the street,
and finally stopped hesitatingly be-
fore one.

"Miss Thusa said, 'a white house
with green shutters,' but I can't re-
member whether she said the first or
the second. I've forgot the name,
too, so I must run my chances.
There is some hens a-squawk in, any-
way."

She opened the gate and walked
boldly up the flagged walk to the
front door. The true city gamin,
male or female, is untroubled by
bashfulness. Her ring was answered
by a tall, thin, gray-haired man with
melancholy gray eyes. Lill held
out the basket in one hand and the
quarter in the other, saying:

"Miss Thusa says will you please
let her have a dozen fresh eggs for
Easter, an' she wants 'em good an'
big."

Henry Gleason stared at the odd
little figure, who stood stock-still
after delivering her message.

Miss Thusa! Was the world com-
ing to an end? Then the explana-
tion occurred to him. Thusa must
have sent this queer child to his next
neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, who sold
eggs regularly and the girl had
mistaken the house.

A sudden thought whirled into
his mind. Not being widely read
in the poets, the line—

Take the goods the gods provide thee,
did not occur to him, but he
acted on the principle implied. He
took the basket and the money, and
bade the child come in. He was
alone, the housekeeper having gone
to the next town to do some "trad-
ing," and the hired boy was plow-
ing.

Easter eggs! Thusa should have
such an Easter basket as no young
girl in the village could boast. In
the bottom of the basket, he
arranged two dozen of the finest,
freshest eggs he could find in the

henhouse. Then he wrote a hur-
ried note—not high-sounding, but
with true love in every line. Truly
he was making up for lost time.
He slipped the money inside, sealed
the letter and laid it on the eggs,
folding a paper over all. Then he
went to the housekeeper's cherished
window plants and loaded the basket
to the very handle with Easter lilies
and roses.

"Ain't there no change from the
quarter?" asked sharp, city-bred Lill,
looking curiously from him to the
flowers and back.

"Inside—in an envelope, Miss
Thusa will understand."

"Did he s'pose I'd lose it, if he
gave it to me in my hand?" said Lill
to herself rather scornfully, trudg-
ing off with her fragrant load. A
little later, the flower-laden basket
was dumped on the Hills' kitchen
table by breathless Lill, who had
come as near to running as the
safety of the eggs would permit.

"He sent you all these lots an'
lots of flowers, Miss Thusa, an' the
eggs an' change is at the bottom of
the basket. He said you would
understand."

He! What was the child talking
about?

"Didn't you go to Mrs. Wilson's,
Lill?"

"I went to the first white house
with green shutters"—Miss Thusa
dropped white and trembling into
the little kitchen rocker—"where
the hens was a-squawk in," an'
the man that come to the door give me
the eggs an' the flowers didn't see
no woman anywhere."

Thusa sprang suddenly from the
chair and lifted out the flowers, Lill
bringing water for them in an old-
fashioned pitcher. When the note
appeared, Thusa caught it up and
fled to her room, scarcely glancing
at the eggs. Kneeling beside her
patchwork covered bed, Thusa wept
and smiled by turns over her old
lover's note, in which he told her he
would be with her in an hour.
Then, womanlike, she got up and
began to freshen and improve her
faded face and hair, her plain gar-
ments. But the greatest beautifier
was the soft light in her changed
eyes.

On a lonely summer morning Lill
Burdell, plump and rosy from a week
of care and kindness, stood on the
back porch of the Gleason farmhouse,
scattering corn to a flock of hens.
Mrs. Hill sat near, shelling peas
freshly picked in the morning dew,
and Thusa Hill Gleason, looking
years younger and prettier, was stir-
ring in a housewifely fashion about
her spacious kitchen, getting ready a
substantial breakfast.

"Look, grandma," said Lill,
"ain't they pretty? An' squawk in 'jes'
like they did the day I came for the
eggs—an' neither me nor them
adreamin' how soon we'd all be livin'
here together."

Ah, Lill, you little guessed what
you were doing that day, when you
stopped at the wrong house—the
first house "where the hens were
a squawk in!" Nor did your Miss
Thusa—who will always be "Miss
Thusa" to you—realize, on that cold
spring evening, that ragged, tempt-
ed little tramp, with whom she shared
her own scanty meal, was an
angel entertained unawares.—*Leslie*
Dare in Good Housekeeping.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary,
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St.
Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monu-
ment St.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1920.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 166th Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$1.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nearer the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

March 27, 1920.—The S. S. C. Girls' entertainment Saturday evening last, for the benefit of the two French war orphan children, was a success financially as well as the acting. Quite a number of friends from out of the city sent dollar contributions for the worthy object. The whole amount realized was \$131.05. All the characters in the play were members of the club except two, and these were the rag picker and the cop. Judging from the way the clown went through his tricky performances and dancing one would have thought it was a *he* instead of a *she*.

The last piece on the program, *La Vogue*, was particularly fine.

According to Rev. Utten Read, who is one of the officers of the Board of Managers of the Indiana Home for the Aged and Infirm, the meeting held recently for the purpose of deciding whether to start building this, or postpone the matter to a future date, was largely attended by members.

After full discussion of the matter it was decided to defer building operations until prices for materials and wages of workmen were more reasonable. The fund now amounts to some fifteen thousand, which is drawing interest and will be added to the principal meanwhile. The members were enthusiastic for the Home and will endeavor to increase the fund through various means, so when building operations begin the cash will be on hand to pay for every thing as needed.

Mr. Orson Archibald, who donated the farm for the Home, was at the meeting and spoke encouragingly of the Home's prospects, and hoped to see it a fact ere he bid adieu to this vale of tears. He had but recently recovered from a spell of sickness.

Mrs. James Robinson, *nee* Valentine, now lives at Bellefontaine. She has been married 8 years and has had a happy life. Her husband is employed in the railroad shops in Bellefontaine, getting \$130 a month with a raise likely soon. He has been making good use with his money, having bought two houses already, and a couple of lots besides. From the latter they raise their vegetables, besides keeping chickens and a 686-pound hog they recently butchered.

Mrs. Robinson asks about her former teacher, Miss Fuller, now Mrs. James A. Allen; Mrs. Rose once Matron of the school, but now dead; Dr. Patterson, Mr. McGregor and Mr. Atwood.

Mr. J. H. Newman, a former pupil of this school living at Ironton, Ohio, was seriously injured and his one-year-old babe killed last Sunday. He was crossing a railroad track, pushing the baby carriage, and did not observe the train coming.

The sunny, warm weather of the past week, has brought forth the grass, the boys are busy with their marbles, tops, kites, and base balls, the girls with their ropes or frolic-ing about on their side of the grounds. Everybody seems to rejoice at the sudden change from cold to warmth and is happy.

Tuesday morning, and again yesterday morning, because the former proved defective, the school was photographed on the front steps of the main building.

Mr. Zorn on Monday, and Mrs. McGregor Tuesday, resumed their work, looking the worse from the illness they had passed through. Dr. Patterson had a large gathering of the deaf at his lecture in Toledo last Saturday, and nearly \$40 were realized for the Cottage Fund.

Miss Ethel Zell left yesterday noon for Akron, to visit friends and get a view of the rubber plants there.

Mr. Harry Anderson, of Indianapolis, Ind., was a visitor at the school Thursday afternoon and was shown about the place by Mr. J. B. Showalter. In the evening he was given a reception by the N. F. S. D. Division of this city at its hall.

A. B. G.

PITTSBURGH.

The meeting of the Pittsburgh Branch of the P. S. A. D., March 13th, was featured by a lecture by Mr. J. Ralph Park, Executive Secretary of the Allied Board of Trade. He elucidated the drive being made in the city toward lower taxes, lower rents, etc. He gave much general information concerning these matters that was most interesting to the large audience present as well as entertaining. Mrs. Keith interpreted his remarks and everybody was pleased and glad to have these vexed questions illuminated so effectively. Mr. Park promised to come again, and he was given a hearty vote of thanks for his efforts to instruct and entertain.

The Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, of the N. F. S. D., had a St. Patrick Day social, March 21st, one of the real jolly sort. T. A. Leitner was chairman and opened the meeting with a brief talk about Erin's patron Saint. The history of the day was pleasantly told by Frank Blackhall. Then followed a burlesque with the following cast:

SCENE I

ARREST OF ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman.....S. Rogalsky
Irishman.....J. McGivern
Scotchman.....C. Jones
Judge.....F. Blackman

SCENE II

RESULT OF TRIAL.

Irishman.....W. J. Smith
His Wife.....Mrs. L. S. Hansen

Of course the Englishman got it in the neck, but there was much laughable testimony and cute acting before it was attained.

Following this playlet was the funeral of John Barleycorn, and this, too, was a rip-roaring farce and each actor did his part to the great amusement of the audience. The actors were: Undertaker, J. Friend; Preacher, J. McGivern; Pall Bearers, C. Jones, P. Graves, H. Zone, and S. Rogalsky. There was much solemnity on the part of the actors, but great hilarity among the audience, which was large.

Pittsburgh theatre goers have the opportunity of seeing Miss Helen Keller in vanderbilt, as she is showing at the Davis Theatre here this week. They certainly get some novelty in the theatre line if not much entertainment out of it. Miss Keller is a success no doubt, as she usually is in whatever she undertakes.

The following clipping from a Pittsburgh paper may or may not be of interest to the deaf at large, but it may furnish food for thought by some.

Recitations and addresses that were understood, but not heard, made up the entertainment at a social held Friday night, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Overend, Meade Street, East End.

The guests were members of the Pittsburgh League for the Hard of Hearing, and the occasion was the first social meeting of that organization. Brief addresses were made by Miss Elizabeth Brand, who instituted the work of lip-reading in this district, and W. A. McKean, president of the society.

Mrs. A. C. Manning is having the pleasure of entertaining her sister, Miss Nunhall, of Philadelphia, and her niece, Ella Smith, at this writing.

Mrs. E. Belle Smith, formerly of Industry and Pittsburgh, is visiting her sister and nephew in Seattle, Washington. She will also visit relatives in San Francisco before she returns east. They say she is having the time of her life out there.

Mrs. Thomas Restive (*nee* Grace Knowles) died March 1st, after a short illness. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband, as the couple had been married a couple of years or so.

Mr. Charles McArthur, who was a former pupil of Mr. Manning at Mt. Airy and recently of Akron, is now settled in Pittsburgh. He has a good and lucrative job as bricklayer. He seems to like Pittsburgh and may locate here permanently.

Mr. Penrose Rosenmond, of Lewistown, was seen on the basketball floor at the school recently. He was also a pupil at Mt. Airy, and he said, a student at the Lewistown High School. He volunteered to help fill out a visiting local team, who were to play the Edgewood reserves. He had an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with our boys.

The Pittsburgh Athletic Association has had another game with the W. P. I. D. team, March 20th. They won a decided victory over the school team, made up mostly of scrubs, a few weeks previous, and they expected to wipe up the floor with them again with ease, but the result was just the opposite. They went down to an ignominious defeat to the tune of 41 to 13.

Mr. F. E. Lander, of Detroit, was expected in Pittsburgh March 24th, and a hall at the Y. M. C. A. was engaged and notice of the meeting spread broadcast. A large audience was present to hear the lecturer, but he did not put in an appearance, much to the disappointment of those present, as he was to talk about arrangements and things in connection with the N. A. D. meeting in Detroit next summer.

There was an audience of about sixty to witness a St. Patrick's play, March 21st, at the P. S. L. D. Hall. The management of the play was in the hands of Mrs. W. L. Sawhill and Mrs. Ed. Danahy. The performers were dressed in Irish costumes, and declaimed Irish stunts, all of which pleased the audience hugely. There were other amusements after the songs and stories, then refreshments and coffee were served. Mrs. Reiser's homemade cake was raffled off, and netted \$5.00. Mrs. L. Lebo was the lucky one to get the cake. Mrs. Sawhill's cake brought \$3.57 by auction.

Of course the large crowd enjoyed the entertainment and the eats to the fullest extent, and gave those responsible for their pleasure every assurance appreciation.

G. M. T.

FREDERICK, MD.

March 25th, was observed as a legal holiday throughout this State, it being the 286 anniversary of the colonization of Maryland.

The trade schools were closed at three o'clock in the afternoon to give the pupils an opportunity of enjoying the beautiful spring weather.

Old Rip Van Winkle came to life, and visited us, on Saturday evening, the 20th ult., when the pupils of Miss Tillinghast's class entertained the Ely Literary Society with a six act playlet.

A good many visitors from the city came to see the play, which by the clever acting of the participants, its splendid scenery and stage set ups, and its realistic, proved to be the best entertainment enacted in our school for a long time.

As "Rip," S. Terunski enacted his role splendidly, but praise should be bestowed upon all, for they all did their parts well toward making it a success. And lastly a word of praise to Miss Tillinghast for her efforts in making the play a success.

RIP VAN WINKLE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rip Van Winkle.....Stanislaus Terunski
Dame Van Winkle.....Virgie Mobley
Rip Van Winkle, Jr.....Ira Teeter
Nicholas Vedder.....Lewis Little
Brom Dutcher.....Earl Metty
Derriek Van Bummel (the schoolmaster).....Abc Stern
Peter Vanderdonk.....Herman Matthews
The Orator.....Abc Omsaki
Old Gentleman.....Vincent Serlo
Rip Van Winkle, Jr. (grown up).....John Urbanaki
Old man from the mountains.....Walter Swope
Commander of old men.....Alan Cramer
Jill Gardner (Rip's daughter).....Margaret Roberts
Katrina Knickerbocker.....Julia Spence
Rip's little friends—Helen Leitner, Laurence Levy, Roy Amberg, Yetta Summerfield, Audrey Oden.

On the preceding day following our victory over the Gallaudet Reserves, our Senior basketball team motored to Hagerstown to play the last game of the season with the strong team of St. James College. Our boys were in true form and easily bagged the "bacon," which was certainly delicious, and tasted like a 30 to 16 score.

St. James (16) M. S. S. D. (30)
Knight F. Elliott
Morton F. Wetty
Gains C. Demarco
Marburg G. Serio
Griffith G. Smick

Field goals—Metty, 7; Elliott, 5; Smick, 2; Knight, 5; Morton, 2. Foul goals—Elliott, 2; Morton, 3. Referee—Stark, St. James. Umpire—Henson, M. S. S. D.

Sunday, March 20th, Principal Bjorles made a few promotions in the ranks of the cadet battalion as follows: First Sergeant Herman Matthews to Color Sergeant; Sergeant Earl Metty to First Sergeant; Corporal Alouzo Phillips to Sergeant; Private Norfolk Kirby to Corporal.

Our museum is growing bigger and bigger every day, for we are constantly receiving donations of various relics from interested friends. The latest donation is an old uniform and equipment of a Union soldier, who served under Grant during the Civil War, which is a gift from our old friend Mr. J. A. Trundle.

We are looking forward with interest for a visit from Dr. Hotchkiss, of Gallaudet College, who has promised to visit us on the 10th of April, and deliver a lecture in our Assembly Hall before the members of the Ely Literary Society.

A group of about twenty of our boys were visitors at Whitefield's Packing Plant in Frederick, on Wednesday of last week, when they saw the process of dressing cattle and hogs. They were courteously shown around, and enjoyed the visit very much as it was a novelty to them.

This week's activities in sports has been somewhat lagging on account of the Easter examinations, which comes during the week of March 29th.

A. W.

President Wilson declined the Christmas gift of two high-bred Chinese "chow" dogs presented by P. L. Barnum, grandson of the circus owner, because no dogs are allowed in the White House.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reide, 1588 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., held a business meeting at All Souls' Parish House, on Saturday evening, March 20th. In the absence of President Marchman, who was out of the city, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Vice-President, presided. Between twenty-five and thirty persons were present. After finishing its routine work, the Branch had addresses from several persons present. Mrs. Sanders, the Vice-President, voiced strong objection to the frequent practice of postponing the meeting of the Branch from its regular date to other dates to accommodate other organizations, and she was seconded by all the speakers that followed. Hereafter the Branch will meet regularly on the third Saturday of the month, regardless of other meetings of rival organizations. Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., gave out the latest information about the Home at Doylestown, and it proved interesting. Through his efforts, the Home has been officially endowed by the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce and given the privilege of advertising that fact at all times. Regret was expressed that Superintendent Vandegrift, who has proved a very efficient official, is in failing health. An effort is being made to secure an assistant matron, to relieve the present matron of the increasing work that is devolving upon her.

A hearing lady with some knowledge of the sign language is preferred. Secretary McIlvaine will be glad to hear from such a person in regard to the position. His address is No. 111 West Nippon Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., also held a St. Patrick's Social on Saturday evening, March 20th, and attracted a little over a hundred persons to it. We were unable to attend this event, owing to the Local Branch meeting, but we believe it was both successful and enjoyable.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will hold a stated meeting at the residence of Secretary Ziegler, 305 West Mt. Pleasant Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, April 30th. Due notice will be sent to the members of the Board.

The proceedings of the York Convention of the P. S. A. D. will be printed as usual, but will appear unusually late, owing to various causes over which we had no control.

Mr. William Knipe, who came here from Newark, N. J., last year, returned to Passaic, N. J., to work early in March.

Mr. D. Turrill, investment salesman for the Paul De Laney Co., left here for New York City and New England points last Monday, 22d of March.

Mr. Lyman Steed, Principal of the Advanced Department of the Mt. Airy School, gave a talk on "Citizenship" before the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf, on Sunday afternoon, March 21st.

Ten deaf people of York and Lancaster joined a popular excursion to Washington D. C., on Sunday, March 14th. One of them was heard from and he reported an enjoyable trip.

The Gallaudet Club will hold a meeting at the Adelphi Hotel on Sunday evening, March 27th.

Mr. Ethelbert Koehler, of Scranton, Pa., has been in Philadelphia on business for a while and may stay for an indefinite time.

The usual services will be held at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Easter Day at 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. A large attendance is expected at the services when the offerings will be for the Coal Fund.

The local deaf are reminded that Bishop Rhinelander will be at All Souls' Church to administer the Rite of Confirmation on Sunday afternoon, April 11th next. This will be a good time for the deaf to bring their hearing relatives and friends along, as the Bishop will preach the sermon.

Although not officially decided, we believe that we will be honest in saying at this time that both the Alumni Association and the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will meet around Labor Day, next Fall, at the Mt. Airy School. This time seems preferred to that when the members of those associations of teachers will crowd the Institution and command the best conveniences and attention. This tip is given in advance to give the deaf time to make their preparations accordingly.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirtieth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M. A., D. D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A. M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

DETROIT.

National Association of the Deaf—Convention, 1920.

A boy and a girl, neither more than twenty, strolled in Belle Isle, Sunday, March 14th, at dusk. The boy's right arm was about the girl's shoulder—her left arm about his waist. This is one infallible sign of approaching spring. It will be about twenty Sundays to the Convention. We hope you are ready by this time or you surely will miss the grand entertainments the Detroit deaf are preparing for you.

In spite of all the pessimistic talk about the prices of food and clothes, the deaf here are more anxious than ever before to bring the Convention over the top with a mark of three thousand dollars! The business and entertainment plans of the Convention are about completed, and will soon be published. Yes, we will have a grand ball.

One thing certain—it was common talk among the deaf here, and the fact was indicated that no Prince Albert suit or open linen front will be desired.

For lodging it is better to engage rooms in the Statler several weeks in advance, or you surely will stand and wait till a belated car arrives or while-three or four pass you, and you will have to struggle or force your way through the scrambling masses of humanity that are trying to get home at the end of a day's work in town.

The Statler can accommodate one thousand and the others will be assigned to rooms in private homes. The Statler has a lunch room—it serves the "Michigan" apple pie—the standard all year round, and it is in demand at times. We hope you will like it.

One evening at a dinner to the company's officials, and expert realtors in the Detroit Athletic Club, the corporation president declared that "at the present rate of growth we shall top that in no time—we are now the third city in America in building and industrial operations. Soon we will be third in size."

Detroit is 331.3 per cent alien in population and is adding to American citizenship probably faster than any other city in the United States, according to a report made public last week by the Naturalization Committee of the Board of Commerce.

Under the auspices of the Detroit N. A. D. Branch Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, of Cleveland, gave a talk on "Johnstown Flood of 1889." Mr. Sawhill has talked before the Detroit deaf many times upon different subjects, so that it was with great pleasure they heard him announce the unusual subject. He is known to the deaf here as an "exceptional" lecturer. He will give us another lecture in the near future for the benefit of the Convention fund. Thank you.

He was presented with a diploma, (Master of Engineering, R.R.) by Chairman Barnett.

The following Sunday morning and afternoon, Mr. Sawhill conducted services at St. John's Episcopal Church. A large congregation was present. His subject in the afternoon was "Thou shalt not curse the Deaf."

Leviticus 19, verse 14, says:
"Thou shalt not speak evil of the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind, but thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, because I am the Lord."

Good news came around that Mr. Collins Sawhill is engaged to a Nashville lady. Heartly congratulations.

A book has been out securing the signatures who are willing to form a Ten Dollar Club, pledging themselves to pay \$10 in case the Detroit Convention lowers the life-membership fee to \$10.

The eloquence of the N. A. D. auctioneers was given an unintentional compliment a few days ago by a deaf gentleman. The deaf gentleman was on his way to the branch meeting when he said: "I want to stop at the bank." Instead of drawing he deposited money.

"What is the idea," asked his friend. "Idea?" the deaf gentleman answered, "I am not going to let that auctioneer talk me out of my hard-earned money."

Miss Walter Dellabee returned home to Detroit from her home in Illinois, March 13th. She looks the picture of good health.

Miss Minnie Seagraves' father died, February 21st, in Logansport, Ind.

Mrs. Wm. Maher and daughter were called to Chicago Saturday morning, the 17th, upon receipt of a telegram of the passing away of her mother. Mr. Maher and sons are still in Detroit.

Isaac Weisbaum, formerly of Chicago, but now is employed at the Goodyear Tire Co., Akron, Ohio, was in Detroit over Sunday, March 14th, meeting old friends and new acquaintances.

Detroit friends received cards from Miss Cecile Hunter, Ithaca, N. Y., stating they had a swell St. Patrick's Dance on Wednesday evening, March 17th. The Detroit

friends wish Miss Hunter good luck and hope she will attend the Convention in Detroit.

The Detroit papers say: "The Deaf Mutes of Akron, Ohio, have their own clubhouse, dramatic society, church and debating society. Many members of the latter are graduates of the Gallaudet College at Washington."

Have their own 20-piece band. Its harmony and rhythm is musically correct. Silent players "hear" the vibrations of their instruments.

The story of the Silents would be incomplete without mention of Mrs. Nellie Gillespie Shaw. Born of mute parents, but speaking and hearing herself, Nellie Gillespie decided to devote her life to welfare work among deaf-mutes. She was employed to aid the Goodyear Silents where she is now betwixt—or woman—of the mute clan. She makes their fights, arbitrates their controversies, molds their private lives, in fact, "mothers" the whole colony.

Mrs. Shaw is the wife of a Silent. Her wedding was the culmination of a colony romance. A speaking minister performed the ceremony, which was translated into manual language by an interpreter.

A Linen Shower was given Mrs. Francis Holbrook at their beautiful home Saturday evening, March 13th. A basketful of gifts, all pretty and useful, were left by the guests.

Games were indulged in and light refreshments were served. The invited guests were Mrs. E. T. McMullen, Mrs. Goth and sister, Mrs. Herring, Miss Violet Colby, Mrs. McSparrin, Miss Evans, Miss Rody, Miss Bleckworth, Miss Cote and Miss Harrison.

Mrs. C. C. Colby
715 Jefferson Ave., East.

TEXAS.

Last week at the annual Fat Stock Show in Ft. Worth, the writer had the opportunity to see a mighty game fight, put up by a three-year-old Short Horn Steer, which reminds us of some people we know. Now the steer in question was the victim of a contest being held by the Wild and Woolly Cowboy.

The cowboy would run the steer around and then leap from his galloping pony onto the steer's head and throw the steer. But the steer in question had more sand than a lot of men we know, and in spite of the fact that the cowboy had twisted his neck clear around completely once and almost once again, the steer refused to be thrown, and gave the Cowboy a merry ride. Time and again it looked as if the steer's neck would break, but just as we got ready to see them shoot him, the sun of a gun would give a mighty bellow and go romping around the show grounds with the cowboy hanging on to his horns for very life, and after about a half hour of it, the cowboy gave up. He had been beaten by the lower animal, and had to admit it before the crowd that gave the poor steer a mighty hand for his great fight. Now there are lots of human beings that are continually fighting the same kind of odds, yet they never give up.

One night a little over a year ago I happened to witness a wrestling match, in which one of the men was injured, and could only use one arm, but like that steer he wouldn't give up, but tucked on for all he was worth, and finally won the match. So when you feel that the odds are too great against you, think of that fool steer and the wrestler with a busted shoulder, and grit your teeth, and give 'em Hell. Stick it out and you'll always win in the end. That's my motto.

Well don't get the idea that I am turning into a moral leper, and have decided that my life's work was to tell you what to do, because I haven't, I merely want to tell the world what is going on down here in Good Old Texas, and of course a fellow can't help picking up a semi-editorial, semi-occasionally, so let me rave, for you know I am harmless.

A stranger dropping off the interurban car at Akard and Commerce Streets, one day last week, gave a look around him, and walking up to a policeman made this inquiry. "Say Mister, is this Dallas, or Ranger." The reason for his inquiry, was the big derick that towers above the surrounding buildings next to the big Adolphus Hotel, where the new twenty five story Magnolia Building is going up, and the stranger took it to be an oil well being drilled, hence his question. However they are only drilling for water, but suppose they should hit oil. Oh! Boy, wouldn't the property in the neighborhood hit the high places in prices.

Hereafter, if this column doesn't come up to your expectations, remember that the writer has once more cast his lot with the school kids, and makes his daily way to the old school house, where he is now learning the A. B. C.'s of C. P. A. at the Y. M. C. A. Being forced to work for a living, of course it is necessary for him to go to school at night, so don't be surprised at what you read in his column any more, for all you know

he may be asleep when he's writing it and only working the old type-writer from force of habit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hafner (*nee* Tony Black), of Akron, Ohio, passed through Ft. Worth the other day on their way to Kerrville, Mrs. Hafner's home town, and old Alfred turned around and beat it back for Rubberville. He is sure going to be some cheerful cuss, this coming spring, and unless we miss our guess it will take more than pitching baseball for the Goodyear Silents to keep his mind off Texas.

Those two citizens of Whitesboro just can't stay at home, it seems. We run across one or the other of them every Saturday or Sunday, here in Dallas. Chas. Jamison, the tailor, passed through town the other Saturday morning, and that afternoon his town-mate Oscar Harrison, the shoe man, came in.

Miss Edna Varley, of Whitesboro, is paying her sister, Mrs. Teet Byrne, a visit at the latter's home in Smithville. Teet's husband Hons Byrne, is still clerking for the H. & T. C. Railroad at Smithville.

On Wednesday eve, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, Miss Madie Barnes gave a regular old-fashioned Irish party at her parents' home, 532 Centre St., Oak Cliff, Dallas, Texas. Games of several different kinds were played, and about ten o'clock refreshments were served, after which the party broke up. Miss Jess Thomason won the booby prizes for girls, she having the lowest score of any of the fairer sex, while Grover Morgan pulled down the same stunt for the males.

Among those present were: Misses Ollie Wilkerson, Irene Neal, Jess Thomason, Mabel McDaniels, Thelma Davis, Helen Black, Lorena Russell and Madie Barnes, Mesdames Wilson and Barnes, and Messrs. Ernest Barnes, Elwin Cochran, Grover Morgan, Raymond Payne, Leonard King, Frank Autrey, T. E. Hill, Mr. Wilson, and W. A. "Pop" Barnes.

Mr. Grover Morgan and Miss Thelma Davis came over from Waco for the party, and while Miss Davis was visiting with her aunt Mrs. Barnes, Grover spent the time mixing tales with his old Side Hoss, while in the Government service, T. E. Hill. Grover has resigned his place with Uncle Sam, on account of eye trouble, and will make his home from now on in Waco, where he has secured a good position that does not demand such a strain upon his eyes. We had hoped to land him for Dallas, but what chance has a mere man, when stacked up alongside of a young girl.

On Saturday night, March 20th, 1920, the regular meeting of the Dallas Silent Literary Society, was held at the Presbyterian Church social room, and the program which had been arranged was postponed on account of the semi-annual election of officers.

The following officers were elected for the coming term: President, Fee Griggs (re-elected); Vice-President, Miss Mabel McDaniels; Secretary, Troy Hill; Treasurer, Briscoe Kopp (re-elected).

The next meeting, which will be held on April 17th, promises to be a hummer, as the new officers swear they are going to make the society come alive from now on.

Ft. Worth has gone Dallas one better in the campaign to stamp out the evil of "soliciting financial help on account of deafness," or shamming deafness in order to put one over on the people. While the Dallasites have been concentrating upon having an ordinance passed forbidding it, the Ft. Worth deaf have been right out after them and landed quite a big fish, in the person of one Gaston, who claims Dallas as his home, but can never be caught here. The Ft. Worth people had him arrested, and according to the reports, the Judge gave him thirty days. (We wish he had made it thirty years).

Gaston, as all of us know, is an able bodied deaf man and has no excuse whatever for persisting in his evil practice.

We are still trying to guess who V. E. O., the semi-occasional contributor from Akron, can be. If any body can enlighten us, we would be much obliged. V. E. O. writes pretty good stuff, but is not often enough. With such a large Colony as Akron has, he ought to send in at least two columns every week.

"BEN HUR."

REV. THOS. A. GALVIN, C.S.S.R.,
of Buffalo, N. Y.

the well-known missionary among the deaf will give a mission in the sign language

to Catholic Deaf-Mutes

in the Church of St. Francis Xavier

16th Street, near 6th Ave., N. Y.

Beginning Sunday, May 9th, at 8 P.M., and ending Sunday, May 16th

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

V. B. G. A. A. SURPRISE SHOWER.

Contrary to her wildest expectations, Miss Mary Muir was given a "Mother Goose Shower" by her sister members of the V. B. G. A. A. on Wednesday evening, March 24th, in the assembly room of St. Ann's Church. Some girls, headed by Anna Klaus, busied themselves setting the long table, while the others remained up stairs to give the appearance of the usual Wednesday meeting atmosphere. When things were finally "fixed," Rev. Kent, on the pretext that he wanted to speak to Mary on "business," succeeded in detaining her long enough to allow the girls to scramble down into the Assembly Room. He then said that since his talk was of a private nature he would like to speak to her in the Assembly room. Thus it came about that she entered the room wide-eyed with surprise to find us all seated at the table and smiling very delightedly. At first she did not grasp the meaning of it all, but in a few seconds she understood. Being President, and the guest of honor of this particular event, she was seated at the head of the table. On her plate was a very much frightened little kewpie, dressed in white with flowing veil to represent the bride. We, of course, hoped that she would not look so frightened on her wedding day. Each girl also had a kewpie on her plate. Mary's was dressed by Elsie Grossmann, who has a knack of making things look like what they ain't.

Here Miss Elizabeth MacLairie arose and explained that it was a "Mother Goose Shower," we were bestowing upon her, and introduced herself as being the aforesaid Merry Old Lady, adding that she had two daughters named Jack and Jill, who would like to speak to her. She then presented her with a pretty blue and pink boudoir cap, made by herself.

Then Jack and Jill came forward and Jill said that she and Jack went up the hill to fetch a pail of water, but Jack fell down and broke his crown, and she went tumbling after. They actually did the stumbling and tumbling, much to the amusement of all. They presented her with six handsome shiny tumblers and a glass pitcher. In this manner every girl recited her Mother Goose piece in rhyme. At the conclusion of which each presented her with a gift. The characters of each and gifts given is appended.

"Jack Spratt and his Wife," Elsie Grossmann and Mabel Hall, half dozen steel-ebony handled knives and forks. "Little Miss Muffet," Anna Klaus, fruit dish, six saucers and silver berry spoon. "Queen of Hearts," Katherine Thompson, a rolling pin. "The two Sisters, who could not Agree," Harriet Jaudecka and Florence O'Keefe, two quart aluminum coffee percolator. "Polly put the kettle on the stove," Louis Radlein and Jennie Peterson, four quart aluminum kettle. "Little Tommy Tucker," May Ruhl, steel bread-knife and board. "The Old Woman who rode on a broom," Emma Donus, aluminum crumb tray and scraper. "Little Jack Horner," Wanda Mokowski, silver pie server.

Five other members, through sickness and other causes were unable to pay homage to Mary. Rev. and Mrs. Kent were present to witness our little dramatization of "Mother Goose." We then partook of our feast, which consisted of tea, three kinds of sandwiches, cake, crackers, pie and candy. There was enough for all and too much left, so we invited some gentlemen who were holding a special meeting with Rev. Kent, to partake of our humble feast, which they did, quite amiably. The also viewed the various gifts which were placed on a separate table. Chatting concerned Mary and her future seemed to be the chief topic of conversation. Mr. Garrisonier fiancé, was present, and expressed pleasure and gratitude at the reception given Miss Mary. We left about eleven o'clock for our homes, everyone of us feeling that we had a pleasant time.

The day has come when we must part forget as it is old Pal. This little rhyme penned from the heart, from those you know so well: Joy be yours of in years to come, much be with you always We wish you this and much more from the V. B. G. A. A.

H. A. D. NOTES.

Dr. Morris E. Siegel, the youthful Director of New York City Evening Schools was the speaker on Friday evenings, the 26th. He made a very favorable impression on those present, and though the attendance was quite up to the average, it is a pity that many more did not avail themselves of the opportunity to "hear" his lecture on "Education for Workingmen."

Owing to the fact that the first night of the Feast of Passover falls on Friday evening, April 2d, when

it is customary to celebrate at the family table, there will be no services held at the Communal Center.

On April 9th, however, Dr. Thos. F. Fox lectures on "Old, Yet Ever New."

The second showing of N. A. D. films took place on Sunday evening, March 28th, with the following "Screen Stars": Presentation week at Gallaudet College; "The Irishman and the Flea," "The Queen and the cake," by R. P. MacGregor; Signs and Signs, by Dr. S. J. S. Long; Don Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College, by Dr. E. A. Fay. The Lorna Doone Country, by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. Interspersed were several comedy films, Fox news of the world, and dances by Miss Ethel Smith (8 years old) and Miss Mildred Schram (sweet 16.)

In the course of time, it is intended to make several improvements in the nature of films presented and such other arrangements, with a view to increasing the pleasure and convenience of those present.

The next moving pictures night will be held on Sunday evening, April 11th.

Approximately one hundred members and friends of New York Council No. 2, K. of D., attested their love and esteem for their late Supreme Knight, Thomas J. Grogan, by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion for the repose of his soul at St. Francis Xavier's Sodality Chapel last Sunday. The entire left aisle of the chapel was reserved for the members of the Council. Miss Mary Grogan, the only surviving sister of the deceased and relatives occupied the front pews, as also did Miss Ellen E. Cloak, one time Superintendent of St. Joseph's Westchester, and Miss M. J. Partell, both former teachers of our late brother. The Rev. Chaplain F. Dalton, S. J., discoursed mainly on the efficacy of such a pious practice adopted by the knights in remembering their departed brother by means of the Holy sacrifice, and of the remarkable coincidence of the event as related in the gospel of the day. He congratulated the Knights for following their brother even beyond the confines of the grave.

XAVIER ALLIED NOTES.

By a happy coincidence the April meeting of the Xavier Ephphata Society will take place on Easter Sunday. It is taken as a good omen for the directorate of Rev. Father Dalton, S. J., who will then celebrate his first Easter Sunday as pastor of the Catholic Deaf within Manhattan's 25-mile zone.

Services will begin at 3 o'clock. Entrance to the chapel is at the College, 30 West 16th Street. Mr. Joseph Graham and his assistants will act as ushers.

Fanwood pupils at St. Rose Sunday School made their Easter duty on Passion Sunday, prepared therefor by Rev. Father McCaffrey. Sunday school session was curtailed for that reason. The fifty boys and girls attended seven o'clock mass, and were in happy spirits.

Miss Mae Austra plans an Easter holiday as guest of the Morins, in Chicopee Falls, Mass., with a motor trip to Haverrhill and other big towns.

The St. Patrick's reception by the ladies making their abode at Ephphata Home was a pleasing success. To the artistic taste of Miss Christine McKinnon, the decorations and program spoke volumes. The brand of "Postum" supplied by Mademoiselle Joyce was of a high grade, along with the edibles that made up a dainty collation served. "Lord" Edwin, of the X. E. S., directed the games.

ALPHABET A. C. NOTES

The Package Party and Dance held March 20th, proved to be an overwhelming success.

Owing to the distance the hall was located, the jolly old crowd of Alphabet followers streamed in just as St. Swithin called a halt to the bad weather, and right then the committee, headed by Chairman Ebin, hesitated a moment and then started the games.

Around 11 o'clock refreshments were served and, oh! boy—ice cream and cakes.

Then the raffle came off. The eleventh chance picked was to be the winner (the Alphabet is eleven years old), and this lucky kid happened to be our laziest ticket seller, Mr. Lieberman, who held the lucky number 160, and you ought to see him—pen sticking out of his pocket and his thumbs in his vest.

Class, eh, boy. Next came an auction at which two boxes (donated by members), of candy were auctioned off and then the distribution of packages. Our Cutey Rubin got a nice fat package of apples, oranges and bananas, and what do you think he did with it. Well, that's a secret.

Owing to necessity the Alphabet Vaudeville Show and Dance has been abandoned for the present, and if conditions permit, Chairman Ebin will try to stage it some time in the fall, owing to time being very short and about all dates taken. It has been a rule of the Alphabet

Club not to interfere with the dates of other clubs and we hope that others will do likewise.

Our track team, managed by Ebin, is dusting the roads in the vicinity of the club every few days of the week, in preparation for the trip to the 22d Regiment Armory, April 17th.

Miss Margaret Hauberg is expected in New York this week, after three months in her old home in Norway. She left Christiania on the Starangerford, on March 13th. Miss Hauberg will resume her work as teacher at the Louisiana Institution at Baton Rouge.

Mr. Emil Stipek passed away March 19th. He had been suffering with heart trouble for several weeks until his death occurred. He was forty-four years old. He had been working in the Shipping Department of the National Cloak and Suit Co., for a number of years. He leaves a wife and three children. The Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated at the funeral.

Owing to the inability of some of the members to attend rehearsals regularly, the entertainment, "A Count of No Account," that was to have been given by the Clark D. M. A. A., on May 22d, has been postponed indefinitely.

On Saturday, May 29th, the Lutheran Guild will give a series of Shadow Pantomime and Moviet Moving Pictures. The place will be announced next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies are rejoicing in the arrival of a son, born March 28th, and weighing just seven pounds. Mother and baby are both doing well.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Paul (nee Esther Rapaport of Philadelphia), at their home in the Bronx, on Friday, March 5th.

OAKLAND vs. LEXINGTON

The Oaklands, of St. Joseph's Institute, proved their superiority over the Lexington A. A. basketball team.

For the home contingent "Col." Tully was responsible for the "Pep" shown by his charges, while for the Lexingtons, Prof. Julius Bronstein, as referee, was in the spotlight, and to good effect, the opposing players proving gallant fighters while the fray lasted.

The first half was noteworthy for two painful incidents that befell two of the opposing guards. Grosinger, of the Lexington's, received a "Dempsey" on his breathing apparatus, while Tom Brasher got his thirty-third rib into juxtaposition with an obstruction on the port side, that caused the spectators to recall the antics of a landlubber on his first trip between this port and Liverpool. Timer Deegan said it was like a lesson in algebra trying to keep track of his "split-second" placed an hour ahead that morning, allotting the correct time to the first half.

The result, 33 to 23, did not reflect on the snappy playing of both teams. The Oaklands excelled in getting the ball through the basket, and in passing their work was noteworthy. A silver cup donated by Mr. Deegan went to the winner and, forthwith, the hilarity of the Oakland followers after the game showed forth in right royal fashion. The Lexingtons took their defeat like the good sports they are, and "Col." Tully and Prof. Bronstein exchanged compliments after the game with rare good feeling.

On the sides were rooters numbering hundreds, among them Coach Frank Lux, of the Fanwood team, whom the Lexingtons are to meet April 17th.

Among the "Fans" on the side lines were a long line of notables, representing all the principals hereabouts. Harry Kane, Joe Boyan, Tom Gillen, Jerry Fives, "Lord" Edwin, "Babe" Bing, Tim Mulcahy, and a long line of Alma Mater were noted encouraging their Oakland predecessors, while Arthur Enger, "Rob" Begy, Wm. Reddy, Paul Murtough, and innumerable fans of past and present Lexington fame, did the same for the wearers of the blue and white.

Pretty girls were present in numbers, and the afternoon was a "peacherino" of basketball sport.

The line-up was for 1st Oakland: Barrett, Tracey, Eckert, Bradley, McBride. Lexingtons: Lieber, Kortizer, Armowich, Grossinger, Manokoff, Timer, Billy Deegan; scorer, Will O'Brien.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge. Edwin W. Friess and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square. Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.

Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.

Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Worcester—All Saint's, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. Friess, Lay-Missionary, 80 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

CHICAGO.

Please remember the Annual Reception and Dance to be given by the Pas-a-Pas Club Saturday night, April 10th, at the Silent Athletic Club House, at 5536 Indiana Avenue.

Dr. Cloud will preach at 3 o'clock and lecture at 8 o'clock P.M., at All Angels' Church, on Tuesday April 18th. He first goes to Delavan on Saturday morning with Rev. Mr. Flick, to give a talk at the School for the Deaf.

A silver offering netted over \$6.00. The basket ball team of the S. A. C. closed their first season, winning two out of eleven games.

Mrs. C. L. Buchan was made the happiest woman (according to her own declaration) by the members of the Methodist Church Mission and friends in giving a reception in her honor on Saturday night, March 20th, previous to her departure for Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin, Mrs. Hasenstab and others, made several pleasant remarks which evidently touched Mrs. Buchan's heart.

Mrs. B. said in reply that she would never forget the kind reception, and speaking of some of the delightful reminiscences of the Illinois School, she mentioned Mrs. Gallagher, who was present, and reminded her that she was the only graduate who received a diploma; that her beau, the late James Gallagher, was to graduate the next year, and that she was fully determined to see him speak in the chapel in spite of her serious condition after having been very ill at home for a few weeks, and that she had to be taken on board a train to Jacksonville and carried up into the chapel. Laughter and applause.

Mrs. Buchan leaves next week for Wichita, Kansas, and will be gone several months. Her husband will become a merry grass widower once more.

The city of Wichita contains eighty deaf-mutes and they are doing good business.

Mrs. Buchan will conduct services in Sunday as before.

Miss Hoffman, who has been giving about 40 hearing pupils, aged 5 to 15 years, dancing lessons for several weeks at the S. A. C. House, will give a brilliant entertainment and dance on Saturday, April 17th, at 8.15 sharp, for the benefit of the Mortgage Fund of the Club. Tickets \$1.00, including wardrobe and war tax. Music by Looney Orchestra.

The quarterly meeting of the Illinois State Association of the Deaf was held in the rooms of the Pas-a-Pas Club, on Saturday, March 13th. Several spirited discussions and suggestions about the proposed building of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf lasted two hours, but no action was taken. The fund amounts to over \$20,000. The names of the new officers are here:—

President, George Brasher; 1st Vice-President, Ross MacDonald; 2d Vice-President, Leslie Larsen; Secretary, Mrs. W. Zollinger; Treasurer, William Zollinger.

Rev. Mr. Flick continues to serve delicious ice cream at supper on Wednesdays, and to conduct Lent services at 8 o'clock P.M. At the last prayer meeting he spoke of the most terrible sufferings and starvation of the Armenians, Syrians, Servians and Austrians, remarking that he had received a number of letters from the East and West, appealing to us for funds in the greatest haste and that we should do something for them while we are enjoying every comfort and plenty of clothing and numerous blessings from the Lord.

Mr. Menager gave me the following item: "The two local deaf wrestlers holding the National A. A. U. Championships, both met defeat in the recent International Y. M. C. A. Championship Tournament at Gary, Indiana. J. Frederick, National Champion at 108 pounds was way overweight and competed out of his class at 125 pounds.

"Glen Smith, 145 pounds Champion, was beaten by an old pupil of his, Peter Mitropoulos, who last summer in Paris won the Championship of the American Expeditionary Force and the Inter Allies Olympic, receiving medals from King Albert and General Pershing in person. This was the best bout of the night. Twenty two silents made the trip to the games."

The Pas-a-Pas Club has recently moved to 61 West Monroe St., near Dearborn St., on the 3d floor, thus saving the March rent (\$55.00) on the old lease. Cleaning, repainting and painting are now being done hurriedly.

Mr. Nels Olsen went to Delavan on Saturday, March 20th, and entertained at the School for the Deaf with his wonderful magic tricks, for the benefit of the Athletic Association of the School.

The next reunion of the Wisconsin School has been announced for June 10-14, at the School at Delavan, Wisconsin. The full program will be mailed later. The bright prospects are that a large delegation of guests will attend the reunion on their annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuettler gave a

social feast to their old friends at their residence on St. Patrick's Day. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Miller, Mrs. Auld, Misses Bemis, Sweet, Neal, Fosam, Messrs. Pleasant, Padrowski and Minor.

Mr. Charles Dore, of Duluth, Minn., stopped here on his way to Akron, Ohio, to visit with his deaf brother, Edward, who is employed there, and called at the Parish House on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hanna passed away on Friday March 19th, after having suffered painfully from a complicated disease for a year. Mr. Rowse conducted a burial service, Rev. Mr. Flick being out of city. The body was shipped to Richton, Ill., and buried in a family lot.

Mr. William McGann has sold out his fine farm at Saugatuck, Michigan, and moved to Chicago with his family to live for the present.

Mrs. Minnie Sullivan has left New York for good and lives with her on the North side.

Herman Weller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Weller, and his family, have moved to Passaic, N. J., to live. Herman has obtained a better job there.

Mrs. Barr's son was recently married and settles down in this city.

Three happy engagements have just been reported to me—"Paddy" Padrowski and Miss Sweet, Nels Olsen and Miss Katie Higgins, Mr. Bascom Sproul, of Florida, and Miss Ida Mord-ek.

Orion L. Carpenter and Miss Pearl Horn were married by Rev. Mr. Flick, on Monday, March 8th, having had only a few days of courtship.

Miss Lily Gwin has resigned as stenographer for Mr. F. Gibson, and accepted a position at higher pay at Akron. Her numerous friends miss her very much, but wish her good luck.

The members of the S. A. C. enjoyed a merry social and dance on St. Patrick's day.

The Lutheran Church for the Deaf has been sold, the reason being that the neighborhood is not very desirable for the deaf. They are seeking a better and more sanitary place elsewhere to build a larger and more commodious church.

Alfred E. Arnot went home to South Bend, Ind., on Saturday, to help celebrate the birthday of his deaf deaf mother.

Mrs. Sibitzky and Mrs. William Brasher, not Mrs. George Brasher as reported previously, continue to be in a serious condition.

David Atkinson, a pioneer of Chicago, aged seventy-eight years, has been very ill with a heart trouble for some time.

Send more items to me please. SIDNEY H. HOWARD, 1460 East 57th Street. Friday, March 26, 1920.

OMAHA.

"There are many scores of schemers, Poets, orators and dreamers. All working for the bright millennium. But in spite of all our hoping, Mankind still is blindly groping. And the golden era somehow fails to come."

"So I count it is not treason To advance a simple reason For the sorry lack of progress we decry, 'Tis this instead of working On himself, each one is shirking, And attempting to reform some other guy."

The regular monthly meeting of the Frats was held at their hall, Saturday, the 13th, when four new applications were presented and approved. Mr. P. L. Axling, chairman of the April committee, announced that they had decided to hold their entertainment in Council Bluffs instead of Omaha, as Council Bluffs has not had its share of gatherings for a long time. They will give a "Spider Web Party," the 17th of April. This being something new here will mean a rare treat. No admission will be charged, but every one is expected to bring a few shekels, so be prepared. Dr. J. S. Long also announced that his May committee would have an "Auction," the 15th. Full particulars will be given later.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treunke have just purchased a new bungalow, east of Hanson Park, but do not expect to occupy it for some time to come. They have our hearty congratulations, and we are sure they will realize what comfort, freedom and happiness it is to own a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trisler, who have been in our midst several years, have moved to Sioux City, Ia., a circumstance we regret to announce. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ormes, who were married last December, are now keeping house at 4102 Hamilton Street, and we presume that they will soon be busy entertaining their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Good, of Sioux City, came down to spend a couple weeks with relatives of the latter, who was formerly Miss Helen Kindred.

The first basket-ball team of the Nebraska School participated in the annual High School basketball tournament at Lincoln, Neb., the first week in March. The boys were in Class D. After having won all games during the three days, they were set against the Kimball County team Saturday night, the

6th, for the championship of that class. After a hard-fought battle and putting in all the vim and vigor they had, our boys were sadly defeated by the score of 13 to 26. In the first half the score was 3 to 3. Despite the fact that they lost, they were presented with a brand new basketball, the winning team receiving a silver loving cup. The following from a Lincoln paper shows why our boys did not pile up the score and win:—

"The Omaha mutes were favorites with the immense audience, which filled every inch of space in the auditorium, but the Class D Championship went to Kimball County High strictly on merit. The western Nebraska team outsized and outplayed the mutes and ran up 23 points during the second half, while the mutes could score but ten."

Mrs. Ota Blankenship, and Misses Nellie Johnson and Stacia Kuta, took in the tournament.

Miss Nellie Johnson, who has been ill for more than a week, has recovered sufficiently to resume her school room duties.

Mr. Matt Seivert, of Ashton, Ia., passed through Omaha, the early part of this month, on his way to join his wife and babies at Columbus, Neb., where they have been visiting her parents for a couple of months. They have since returned home to Ashton.

It was with regret that we learned through the JOURNAL's Ohio Column of the illness and passing away of Mrs. Weldon Stover last month. She was formerly Miss Minnie Olin and a popular young lady in our social set, with a large circle of friends. Our sincere sympathy goes to Mr. Stover and his two children.

Misses Carney and Anna Kuta entertained some friends Friday evening, February 13th. A happy time was had, for then hearts were trumps. As soon as the invited guests made their appearances, they were given waxed cups and told to hunt for the heart candy which had been hidden all about the room. A merry hunt was on. Miss Christ-offerson ferreted out the most hearts and was given a prize. Mending broken hearts is, at best, a delicate task, but that evening hearts were patched up roughshod. A pile of cut-up cardboard hearts were on the table at which the guests were seated, and each tried to get a whole heart out of them. It proved no easy task, but finally Miss Stacia Kuta succeeded and won a prize. Miss Emma Rose Haaser put the most correct endings to the word heart that gave different meanings, and was awarded a prize. Dainty refreshments were served.

"The Midshipmen at the Annapolis Naval Academy in the gymnasium contest with the University of Pennsylvania about February 14th, came out victors. Owen Comp, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Comp, of 4538 Bedford Ave., Omaha, won first honors in tumbling. The papers say: The Midshipmen had a specially expert set of tumblers, Comp and Halley far exceeding the usual run of college performers in this line. Owen has lived all his life within sight of this School with which his father has been connected for many years up to 1909. Both Mr. and Mrs. Comp were educated of the Illinois School. They have many friends who will, doubtless be interested in hearing that Owen is at this big academy and holding his own with the best of the midshipmen. This is something out of the ordinary considering the fact there are two thousand midshipmen at the Academy."—Nebraska Journal.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. C. O. DANTEZ, Pastor, 3432 N. 21st St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clare Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 533 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 3 P.M. ALL THE DEAF ORDIALLY INVITED.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 949 W. Franklin Street.

Rev. J. A. Brannick, Assistant, 514 N. Pulaski Street.

Services at Christ N. B. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

FANWOOD.

On Saturday evening, March 27th, the members of Miss Burchard's Fifth Grade gave a literary entertainment to the members of the Fanwood Literary Association. Despite the fact that they had no previous experience, they gave a very creditable showing of themselves, each one giving his part in fine style, without any apparent signs of that dread malady—stage fright. Here's hoping for more like it.

READINGS.

1. "Skip"—Joseph Krassner.
2. Gen. Putnam and the Indians—Abe Jaffre.
3. Applesed John—Rudolph Behrens.
4. Old Rusty—Chas. Klein.
5. The Good Indian—Chas. Morris.
6. The Deputy Sheriff—Richard Pokorny.
7. Old Prince—Casper Bylinski.
8. The Young Debaters—Chas. Fitzpatrick, Moses Dretchen, Lloyd Miles.
9. The Frank of a Naval Officer—Clinton Conklin.
10. Barefoot Boys Dam Oil in a Ravine—Herbert Brooks.
11. Wet Spots in the Desert—Edmund Hicks.
12. "Compre"—Ben Shafrenak.
13. Four Years in a Well—Albert Sumner.

May 1st to 8th will be celebrated in New York as Boys' Week. A varied program for each day has been arranged.

On May 1st, May Day, a monster loyalty parade composed of 80,000 boys has been planned. Our band and battalion have been invited to participate, also the boys of the other institutions for the Deaf in the city, thus comprising a division of the deaf. We hope all will consent to take part.

Last week the Institution received a pleasant visit from Mrs. Lowell Mason, a sister of Miss Cecile Hunter, of Ithaca. With a friend, Miss Dougherty, Mrs. Mason observed with appreciative interest the girl classes in the gymnasium. Mrs. Mason, whose husband is a broker in the Wall Street district, promises to be present with him at the Military Exhibition of Fanwood Cadets on April 17th.

Miss Estelle Gardner, daughter of Principal and Mrs. Gardner, is home from Smith College for the Easter Vacation.

Pupils will leave for Easter recess April 1st and return on April 12th.

Major General Francis Vaton Greene, President of the Board of Directors of the Institution, paid us a call Thursday morning.

Cadet Otto Johnson, twelve years old, who was only admitted as a pupil on November 28th last, is in one of the advanced band classes.

On Sunday morning in chapel, Principal Gardner gave a talk, and then distributed the medals to the winners of the recent senior basketball tournament.

Sunday afternoon, for the first time this spring, an exhibition drill was given on the parade ground, before a large crowd of spectators, who were lined up near the fence. The provisional company also drilled.

We are all very sorry to lose Cadet Sergeant L. Cassenelli for a short while, as he recently went to St. Luke's Hospital, to undergo an operation. The cadets all hope his recovery will be speedy.

Mrs. T. F. Fox, wife of Dr. Fox, has been spending a pleasant ten days in Bronxville, which is situated in Westchester County. Dr. Fox has spent a week end there and has returned to school full of vim and vigor.

Anthony Capelli, Jr., son of Mr. Anthony Capelli, is now in Cuba, where he went about two weeks ago. He still has over a year to serve in the Navy.

Mr. Elias Grossman was a recent visitor at the Institution, and he knew a former pupil here, Mr. Joseph Goffin, who has been confined to Sea View Hospital for Consumptives for quite a time, but is now improving and very soon expects to regain normal health.

Mabel E. Forrest, of Delhi, N. Y., died about six months ago. She was a pupil at Fanwood from October, 1895, till September, 1907.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdick were called suddenly to Rome, N. Y.,

ANNUAL
Reception and Dance
GIVEN BY THE
Pas-a-Pas Club
CHICAGO

Saturday Eve., April 10, 1920

AT THE
SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE

(Formerly Ridgeway Club)
5536 Indiana Avenue

TICKETS.....35 Cents

Including War Tax

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL AND GAMES

28th Anniversary in memory
of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet

will be held at

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL
280 Adelphi St., Brooklyn

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

ON

Saturday, June 5, 1920

ADMISSION, - - - 35 CENTS

Arrangement Committee—Mrs. Harry Liebsohn (Chairman), R. H. Anderson, Allen Hitchcock, A. F. Loring, Annie Hicks, Annie Kugeler, Miss Baslane.

LECTURE

"Opportunity for Service"

—BY—

DR. THOMAS FRANCIS FOX

—AT—

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL
280 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn

Saturday Evening, April 10, 1920
at 8 o'clock

Admission (Payable at door) 25 Cents

Mrs. HARRY LEIBSOHN,
Chairman.

—ALSO—

Social and Games at St. Mark's Chapel, on Saturday Evening, May 8th, 1920, at 8 o'clock. Admission, including Refreshments, 25 cents.

Committee—R. H. Anderson (Chairman), Harry Liebsohn, R. Aabue, Emma Caddy, Lizzie Anderson.

Look! Look! Look!

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB
238 Livingston Street
Opposite Elm Place
BROOKLYN



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Div. No. 23

ANNOUNCEMENT OF
SOCIALS, ETC.
1919-1920

Country Store—April 24.
Strawberry Festival—May 22.
Picnic—June 26.

NINTH ANNUAL

PICNIC & GAMES

OF THE

New York Council No. 2

Knights of De l'Epee

Music by Our Favorite

ULMER PARK

ATHLETIC FIELD

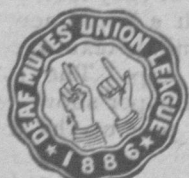
Saturday, July 10, 1920

Admission - - - 25 cents

Particulars later

MAY PARTY

Healthy Games Handsome Prizes



DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

143 West 125th Street

Saturday, May 1, 1920

at 8:30 P.M.

Gentlemen, 50 Cents Ladies, 35 Cents

PROGRAM

**Hebrew Association
of the Deaf.**

COMMUNAL CENTRE
40-44 West 115th Street.

THE LARGEST AND GREATEST SOCIAL AFFAIR FOR THE
DEAF IN NORTHERN NEW YORK

**FIFTH ANNUAL
Masquerade Ball and Dance**

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

ALBANY DIVISION, NO. 51

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT THE

United Commercial Traveler's Hall

50 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

Three doors from Hotel Hampton

Saturday Evening, April 10th, 1920

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS

Music by Capital City Jazz Orchestra.

COMMITTEE—Harold McQuade (Chairman), Arthur T. Bailey and Edward Klier.

Six Elaborate and worth-while prizes for costumes.

PICNIC—12th Annual—PICNIC

Greater New York Div., No. 23

— AT —

DEXTER PARK

Saturday, August 21, 1920

PARTICULARS LATER

Stop---Look---Listen

14th --- ANNUAL PICNIC --- 14th

— OF THE —

Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

— AT —

ULMER PARK

Saturday, July 31, 1920

PARTICULARS LATER

V. B. G. A. A.

WILL PRESENT

"Old Things in New Dresses"

ON

Saturday, May 15, 1920

TICKETS FOR JANUARY 31
WILL HOLD GOOD FOR
MAY 15.

Whist & Dance

TO BE GIVEN BY

Clark Deaf-Mutes A. A.

Date and Particulars in a week or two.

EXHIBITION MILITARY DRILL

— BY THE —

**New York Institution for the Instruction
of the Deaf and Dumb**

(Famous Fanwood Cadets)

**Inter-Church Athletic Carnival
and Dance**

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

AT THE

22d REGIMENT ARMORY

Broadway and 168 Street

Saturday Evening, April 17, 1920

AT 8.30 P.M.

Admission, 50 Cents | Reserved Seats, 75 Cents

BASKET BALL GAME

CHAMPION—SILVER CUP

FANWOOD A. A. vs. LEXINGTON A. A. TEAM

PRIZES: Silver Cup to Relay Race Winners. Medals for Firsts and Seconds

100-Yard Dash 440-Yard Dash 1-Mile Run 3-Mile Run
1-Mile Relay Race, Sack Race, Obstacle Race.

Music by 22d Regiment Band.

Entrance Fee for each event, 25 cents. Lists close on April 1st.

Address communications to Frank Nimmo, Chairman, 511 West 148th Street, St. Ann's Church, New York City; or 3875 Broadway.

Leap Year Masque Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

New Jersey Deaf Mutes' Society

AT

Krueger's Auditorium

15-17 Belmont Avenue

Newark, N. J.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24th, 1920.

8 P.M.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

6 PRIZES EACH TO LADIES AND MEN, FOR THE BEST FANCY COSTUMES AND COMIC COSTUMES.

Tickets (Including Wardrobes) 50 Cents

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

E. C. Elsworth, Chairman, F. Hoppage, Sec., F. Bouton, Treas., P. Pace, H. Hester, C. Quigley, G. Brede, A. Barbamlo, J. Zeiss

How to reach the hall—Take the Hudson Tube to Newark. Springfield Car to Belmont Ave., or Jitneys at the Hudson Tube, Park Place, Newark, mark for Springfield Ave.

IF YOU ARE TIRED OF MOVING AROUND
FROM ONE JOB TO ANOTHER, LOSING
TIME AND MONEY

— OR —

Desire to Better Your Present Condition

GOODYEAR

offers you permanent work the year round. Good money and an open door to advancement.

This is an opportunity for inexperienced men between the ages of 18-45, in good physical condition.

We now employ five hundred deaf-mutes, maintain a splendid Club house, encourage athletics, and offer educational advantages free of charge.

A copy of "Silent Worker Special" will be sent upon request.

Communicate with A. D. MARTIN, Labor Division

THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

AKRON, OHIO

**Conservation
'and'
Investment**

A list of bonds with yields, peculiar to the present market, will be sent upon request.

Statistical Information

Samuel Frankenheim
18 West 107th St. New York

Correspondent of
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

PACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

PORTRAITS

IN

Sepia and Carbon Black

Special rates to our deaf friends and their families.

As a general thing we use the fashionable dark backgrounds, but patrons can have white backgrounds, or neutral backgrounds if they so request.

We aim, first of all, to please in the highest sense of the word.

TRINITY BUILDING
Wall Street Subway Station.

**YOU
NEED
LIFE
INSURANCE!**

I know that you do.

You know it yourself.

Well, my name is, —

OPPORTUNITY

I am here to help insure you.

I will not always be here.

Before you turn me away, think well what you are rejecting.

You may delay—but time will not!

For the best and most liberal policy contract ever offered to the deaf without extra cost whatsoever, write or see me. Please send date of your birth.

MARCUS L. KENNER

SPECIAL AGENT

200 WEST 111th ST. NEW YORK

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

THE object of the Society is the social, recreational, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors, coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Samuel Frankenheim, President; Anthony Capelli, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 W. 125th Street, New York City.

**Many Reasons Why
You Should Be a Frat**

Greater New York Division, No. 23
F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers. JAMES F. CONSTANTIN Secretary 1048 1st Avenue St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; or ALFRED L. PACH, Grand Vice-President 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York.

The F. S. D. meets on third Saturday of each month, at 238 Livingston Street, near Elm Place, Brooklyn.



MEETS SATURDAY EVENINGS

AT

RAMONA HALL

849 South Hill Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

When in Sunny California, Visit Us.

**National Association of
the Deaf.**

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare
of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De l'Epee—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf person, not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50 Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.
Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.
Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited. To the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

OFFICERS

James H. Clond, President,
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.
James W. Howson, First Vice-President,
Instructor School for the Deaf, California.
Clos G. Lamson, Second Vice-President,
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.
Arthur L. Roberts, Secretary,
Principal Kendall School for Deaf, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.
John H. McFarlane, Treasurer,
Instructor School for the Deaf, Talladega, Alabama.
Jay C. Howard, Board Member,
Investment and Real Estate, Duluth, Minnesota.
Olof Hanson, Board Member,
Architect, Omaha, Nebraska.

TRUSTEES ENDOWMENT FUND.

Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, Flint, Mich.
Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.
Edwin W. Frisbee, West Medford, Mass.

STATE ORGANIZERS.

Through whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life membership may be made.

Alabama: J. M. Robertson, School for the Deaf, Talladega.
Arkansas and Texas: Rev. J. W. M. Chasels, Box 96, Fort Smith, Ark.
Arizona, Nevada and Utah: H. A. McNeilly, Box 777, Reno, Nev.
California: J. W. Howson, 2915 Regent Street, Berkeley.
Colorado and Kansas: A. L. Roberts, 547 E. Louis Street, Olathe, Kan.
New England States: W. C. Rockwell, 30 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Ct.
Delaware and New Jersey: G. S. Porter, 448 Ardmore Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
District of Columbia: Rev. H. C. Merrill, 318 East 6th Street, Wash. ngto.
Florida: O. W. Underhill, School for the Deaf, St. Augustine.
Idaho and Wyoming: M. G. Griffin, Wheatland, Wyoming.
Illinois: Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, 4496 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.
Indiana: A. H. Norris, School for the Deaf, Indianapolis.
Iowa: Matthew McCook, Riceville.
Kentucky: E. McV. Hay, 1404 Covington.
Louisiana: Rev. H. L. Tracy, 917 Asia Street, Baton Rouge.
Maryland: Rev. D. E. Moylan, 1002 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore.
Michigan: J. M. Stewart, 4/8 West Court Street, Flint.
Minnesota: V. R. Spence, Box 73, Faribault.
Mississippi: Miss Lily A. Gwyn, Empora.
Missouri: Henry Gross, School for the Deaf, Fulton.
Montana: Mrs. P. H. Brown, Boulder.
Nebraska: Mrs. O. C. Blankenship, School for the Deaf, Omaha.
New Mexico: J. B. Bumgardner, Box 41, Street, New York City.
New York: M. L. Kenner, 300 West 111 Street, New York City.
North Carolina: W. R. Hackney, 1508 East 7th Street, Charlotte.
North Dakota: T. L. Sheridan, 1301 Kittson Avenue, Devils Lake.
Ohio: Miss Clos G. Lamson, School for the Deaf, Columbus.
Oklahoma: O. G. Carrell, School for the Deaf, Sulphur.
Oregon: Miss Marion E. Finch, School for the Deaf, Salem.
Pennsylvania: H. E. Stevens, Box 81, Merchantsville, New Jersey.
South Dakota: L. M. Robinson, School for the Deaf, Sioux Falls.
Tennessee: T. S. Marr, 701 Stahlam Building, Nashville.
Virginia: W. G. Ritter, School for the Deaf, Newport News.
Washington: N. Carl Garrison, Box 23, Camano.
West Virginia: C. D. Seaton, School for the Deaf, Romney.
Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the Deaf, Delavan.
Georgia and South Carolina:
JOIN THE N. A. D. DO IT NOW.

FIRESTONE

Can use strong, energetic deaf men on various operations of tire building.

This is clean, healthful occupation which affords workmen a full measure of satisfaction and happiness in the successful application of their skill and ability.

Especially desirable positions are now open in our factory.

Inquire at our Employment Office, or write

B. E. SCHOWE,

Labor Department,

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio